

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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NEW YORK CITY

BROOKLYN FRATS' FIELD DAY

No better day than the 24th of August could have been desired—and that was the day of Brooklyn's Annual Picnic, with added attractions besides baseball and field events.

First of all was the baby parade on the field. The little children of deaf parents ranged up to 2 years, and 2 to 6 years. The winners selected by the appointed committee were: Up to 2 years, Lillian Bivona; 2 to 6 years, Ruth Pease. The prize to the winners were Shirley Temple dolls.

The first fifteen children accompanied by parents were given various toys. A full list was not obtained—but the kiddies were pleased in receiving the gifts.

Ulmer Park Athletic Field has been the scene annually in the summer for over 35 years of deaf picnickers, sometimes by two or even three deaf organizations. This year the Brooklyn Frats, who have a large membership, were the only society to engage the place, and with ideal weather they celebrated in gala style.

The chief attraction was the soft ball game between the Hebrew Association of the Deaf and Catholic Deaf All Stars. It was a very interesting game. As will be noted by the result, at the beginning the H. A. D. looked as sure winners, by a big majority. Ben Shafranek of the H. A. D. made the only home run. The score was H. A. D. 11, Catholic Deaf 6. The last three innings were the most exciting, and the Catholic boys, thanks to the many errors of the H. A. D., began to catch up. Giordano of the Catholics would have scored a home run, but he forgot to touch third base, and as he touched the home base, he was declared out, hence the rally ended here and there. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
H. A. D.	1	2	1	3	0	0	2	2	—	11
Catholics	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	1	—	6

The field games were: 25 yards (kiddies), won by Master Berg; Cardino, second.

Boys 100 yards—Won by Bell.

Girls 25 yards—Won by Bellire.

There were other events to be run off for men, including 100, 440 dash and 440 walk, but as those who were to contest in these were too tired after taking part in the baseball game, they were cancelled.

For several years now there have been no regular baseball games at any of the deaf outings—only softball games, consequently from these parts of the woods we haven't developed any amateurs to aspire to become professionals as in former years. This softball game is becoming more and more popular everywhere.

But to return to the Frats' outing, the attendance was fair, not up to previous large assemblages of former years, but creditable for the able management of the committee in charge.

In the evening there was a movie show outdoors instead of the usual dancing as formerly, and it was greatly enjoyed by all who remained to see it.

The only fault with the place is that there is not any eating place nearby, and many at supper time hied for Coney Island, a half-mile distant, to appease their hunger.

The arrangement committee, who deserve praise for their efforts to make the affair a success, were: Edward J. Sherwood, Chairman; Nicholas J. McDermott, Edward Kirwin, Joseph Zeiss, John Haff, Nathan Morrell, Jacob Clousner.

EPHPHETA SOCIETY

The thirty-second annual celebration of Ephpheta Sunday by Ephpheta Society will go down in history well compared with all the others. At nine o'clock in the morning the members met at St. George's Chapel, downtown, to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. The chapel scenes itself were reminiscent of the old days when the society used to observe the day in the old Sodality Hall of Xavier College. The Mass was said especially for the benefit of the Ephphetans. As has been the unwritten custom for so many years, Miss Mae Austrua had the honor of leading the way to the altar to receive.

After the services the members boarded the good ship "Sandy Hook," the pride of the Jersey Central line, and, incidentally, of the whole harbor, for a sail to Atlantic Highlands. The time of departure for the beach unavoidably had to be changed to an earlier hour because of the withdrawal from service of the "Monmouth," the ship which was to have been for the Ephphetans. Owing to this unexpected mishap to the ship, it was impossible to apprise friends of change of schedule. As a consequence many were forced to go by rail. Another incident that slightly marred the otherwise perfect day was the fact that there was a capacity crowd aboard when the "Sandy Hook" left the 42nd Street pier. Yet several Ephphetans managed to get aboard.

At the beach the members were free to enjoy themselves. A majority went for a dip in the bay. The New Yorkers were joined at the beach by a large contingent from Jersey. All in all it was one big merry family on a merry outing.

Mr. Arthur Kruger is in receipt of a long letter from Mr. George Lynch, a former college classmate and roommate. He writes that he has been appointed to head the boys' supervising staff of the Iowa School for the Deaf. George has taken an active part in the affairs of the deaf here, and will be greatly missed. He starred in plays produced by the Theatre Guild of the Deaf, St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, and the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, and had been much in demand for his excellent story-telling and rendition of poems. He is now president of the Ephpheta Society for the Catholic Deaf, from which he will regretfully tender his resignation. George is at present in Los Angeles, Cal. He plans to go to Phoenix, Arizona, to call on a former collegemate of his, and remain there for several days. Then, about September 9th, he will return to San Francisco, where he will board a steamship and sail out of the Golden Gate, through the Panama Canal, to the Atlantic, and then to New York. He will remain here for a few days, and then start for the school in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in October to begin his duties.

George also stated that Mr. Seymour Gross has successfully landed a position as draftsman for the Standard Cabinet Company in Los Angeles. He intends to stick to it as long as his boss is satisfied with his work.

Benjamin Brandelstein, the Bridge champion, was a recent winner at the weekly series at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Paired with a Mr. Rush, a hearing gentleman and the author of several books on Bridge, he captured first place in his section. He also has a good chance to capture one of the fifty prizes offered for the six best scores of a series of games.

In the presence of a large group of friends, Miss Margaret Agnime was united in marriage to Mr. John Curley Sunday afternoon, August 18th, at Holy Cross Church, the Bronx. The bride made a beautiful picture in her white satin gown with a veil five yards long, and carrying a bouquet of white roses. The couple was attended by Miss Edna Hamilton, as bridesmaid, wearing a pink chiffon gown and carrying pink roses, and by Mr. Joseph Fawcett. Peter Agnime, brother of the bride, gave her away. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hansen at Clason Point. Mrs. Hansen is a sister of the bridegroom. About 100 were invited. The newly married pair later left for a honeymoon to Poughkeepsie. Both young people are graduates of St. Joseph's School. Mr. Curley is a member of Pressmen's Union No. 23.

Mr. Edgar Bloom, Jr., is making quite some headway in the metropolitan bridge circles lately. An article in a recent issue of the *New York Post* stated that he, teamed with Mrs. Ernest DeLaura, captured the top score trophies in his section. Not only that, but the score he made was the highest of all the sections that evening, for which he and Mrs. DeLaura received a special prize.

An auto trip to the Thousand Islands the last week of September is contemplated by Anthony Capelle with Mr. H. J. Lieberz in his reliable Ford. This place is said to be more picturesque during September than at any other time.

Mr. Emerson Romero, of Long Island City, spent most of his first week's vacation at Camp Clark as a guest of several members. He expects to spend the second week at Point Pleasant, N. J.

Speaking of tan—the kind you acquire at beaches in summer—Joe Worzel attained his in only two days, while others are unable to accumulate nearly as much all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Miller and daughter, together with Mrs. Lawrence Weinberg and son, visited the wonderful natural Howe Caverns near Cobleskill, N. Y., and explored the cave.

In his reliable Ford, Mr. Herbert Lieberz on Sunday, the 25th of August, took his wife and Mr. Benj. Friedwald to Asbury Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bohn celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their wedding on August 15th.

The family of Charles A. Bothner are vacationing at Mansfield, Pa. They will return home after Labor Day.

The Benjamin Elkins are vacationing on Long Island, and assured Mr. Lowenherz that he would be delighted to be there.

This week brings to a close most of the summer camps for boys and girls. The two grandsons of Anthony Capelle—Kenneth and Philip Parkes—will be back home on the 31st of August from Talcott and Greenhill Camp, Huguenot, Orange Co., N. Y.

Louis B. Sorenson, Gallaudet '36, of South Dakota, was in the city Monday, and enjoyed meeting his college buddies at the Fanwood school.

The Mesdames Ebin and Wisotsky, who have been domiciled at the Gruet homestead upstate with their children all summer, are expected home about Labor Day.

(Continued on page 8)

OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

Word has reached me of the death of Mr. Thomas Goldsmith, of Hudson Street, Columbus, on August 13th. A few years ago he met with a serious automobile accident and apparently never fully recovered. He was 68 years old. His widow, Sarah Ann Goldsmith, and two sons survive. One son lives at home and the other is a lawyer located at Zanesville. Funeral services were held at the Whetsel funeral home, August 15th. Mrs. R. P. Thomas interpreted for the deaf. Mr. Goldsmith was a quiet man and much respected by all who knew him. His widow and sons have the sympathy of all the Columbus deaf.

Miss Bessie MacGregor, returning from Chicago after attending the Kansas City meeting, stopped in Richmond, Ind., where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Mather for two days. She found them pleasantly located in a very nice apartment.

Motoring to the Frat convention with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss MacGregor had her first sight of the Ozark Mountains and was surprised at their beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cory, Jr., of Florida and Ohio, after attending the San Diego Exposition, went to Los Angeles and while there met Mr. E. McIlvain, another former Ohioan, who was in Los Angeles visiting his daughter. This meeting was a great pleasure to both of the men, who renewed their days at the Ohio School.

Mrs. Bessie De Silver, of Cincinnati, attended the Kansas City convention, much to the pleasure of her Ohio friends. She has relatives living near Kansas City and was visiting them.

When Mrs. Alice Pratt's 90th birthday was celebrated August 13th at the Ohio Home, Miss Olivia Burning, an old friend, was present at Mrs. Pratt's request. As Mrs. Thomas was not able to be present as expected, Mr. Wark joined the party as Mrs. Wark was hostess. Mrs. Zell and Mr. Ernest Zell were also present, and the day was a very happy one for Mrs. Pratt, who stood the excitement well, considering her age. Five other residents whose birthdays come in August were guests at the party. They were Mrs. Sallie Smith, Miss Clara Wood, Mrs. Elizabeth Bard, Mr. John Boyd and Mr. Harry Porter.

August 23d the Stitch and Chatter Club were guests of Miss MacGregor at her home in Grove City, and probably did their chattering out in the MacGregor park.

As I am returning to my home this week I hope to get news more regularly for the Ohio column. Rains have kept the country nice and green this summer, but vegetable gardens have suffered some.

And this is from Ohio!

Congressman Stephen Young of Cleveland tells this one:

"An Ohio C. C. C. boy was recently sent to his home before his term of enrollment expired. The report sent to his mother said 'to recuperate from an attack of acute nostalgia,' which means simply severe homesickness.

"Because the C. C. C. medico indulged himself in fancy language, Congressman Brooks Fletcher of Marion was called on by the indignant mother to file a claim for damages against the government. She said the boy never had trouble with nostalgia until he left home."

E.

CHICAGOLAND

Caroline Ruth Hyman is married. The first product of Chicago's oral schools to graduate from Gallaudet College, class of '34, where she mopped up the co-ed swim meet by winning six of eight events, is now the wife of a hearing man, John Kirby Goode.

This deaf daughter of "Ma Mabel," who for the first ten years of its existence was superintendent and matron of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf, first met her husband on St. Valentine's Day, at a party in Tampa, Fla., last February. Goode, a tall engaging blonde California salesman with the gift of gab, returned North with the Hymans when spring arrived, and made the best "selling-talk" of his life in winning the sprightly Caroline. They were married by a hearing Methodist minister in Elkhart, Ind., in a simple ceremony August 14th, and will make their home there pending industrial developments. Witnesses were Mrs. Thomas Hainline of Elkhart and Mrs. J. Frederick Meagher of Chicago.

"Ma Hyman," lovingly known to hundreds of Chicago Deafdom, is a hearing woman, a daughter of deaf parents. Gus Hyman is deaf, the last of an illustrious and once-prosperous family of jewelers here. His health has not been good since he was held up and brutally beaten by negro robbers just outside the Home, four years ago.

Last of many devout devotees of Kansas City Kitty to stop-off at our hustling metropolis, was William A. Renner—business manager of this DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—with his wife and boy, August 16. Mr. Renner was one of those ill-fated fatalists who consented to serve as judges of the "beauty contest"—but as he is a hard-boiled Hannah, the names they called him merely ricocheted off his thick hide. Following K. C., the Renners circled the country, with stopovers in Los Angeles, Seattle, and way-places, before spending one night and two days here in New York City's greatest rival. They arrived almost the same hour as extras appeared heralding the crash of Rogers and Post in Mrs. Renner's girlhood home—Alaska. They were taken around town by the Meaghers—who used to teach Cecile (that's the missus) when she was seven and up, in Vancouver, Wash. That night a social gathering of two dozen bigwigs including the Roberts and Kemp couples, sweltered all evening at Renner's reception in the Irish Shanty.

The Renners spent Saturday morning exploring Livshis' Printery, one of the best-equipped one-man printshops in Chicago, followed by luncheon at Mrs. Livshis' parental home in the northwest side. After seeing the town-pump, and the Chicago village volunteer fire department, and inspecting the herd of heifers grazing in the loop, our Manhattanites choo-chooed off for home just one month after Kansas City's all-day picnic.

The annual Home Arts feed—benefit of our Home for Aged Deaf, on the 15th saw 63 bob-up for eats and cards at Lake and Wabash.

Mrs. R. A. Bankhead, of Temple, Tex., is here visiting her brother, a hearing physician.

Mrs. George Schriver is visiting old friends in the Empire State—summoned thence by the death of her father August 5th, in Newark, N. Y.

The silver wedding anniversary of the Elmer Disz family saw thirty-three guests on the 10th. Disz is a past grand delegate to the N. F. S. D. conventions, and has long been a wheel-horse of Chi-first frats.

Miss Bessie MacGregor, daughter of the MacGregor, returned to Ohio after a joyful sojourn as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Roberts.

Forrest Reid and Miss Verba Linton were married July 23d. Both originally hailed from North Dakota, coming here to seek their fortunes. They are a charming young couple.

It will be recalled that Verba was one of the debaters at Chicago No. 1 entertainment last spring, taking the affirmative side that the single life is happier than the married. It seems that she is out to prove it contrariwise.

A large three-column picture of the three Illinois athletes now in the World's Deaf Olympiad, August 17th-24th, appears in the Plymouth (England) Gazette of August 7th, sent by Coach Burns. The reading matter on these "Deaf and Dumb Athletes," fails to mention the really important fact—that they are from the erstwhile American colonies. The issue arrived with the wrapper falling off, and proved an interesting study. The entire front page was a solid mass of ads, such as: "Plymouth Blind Man, window blinds manufactured &c." Used car ads that prove most popular makes are easily the Austin, with Humber, Riley, Rover, Morris, Ruby, Litchfield, and Ford V-8 runners-up. Coming from behind in races or games, the British call "The Hat Trick." For leaving broken glass on your street, the British fine one \$10; now that makes sound sense, as any auto-driver will tell you.

Coach Robey Burns writes from Plymouth that the Washington raced the Normandie out of New York harbor, July 31st; once at sea, the huge new French greyhound drew away from the U. S. steamship liner as, if nailed to the floor. Several hours after leaving port, a letter was handed Burns changing plans for the Cubs game here on the 7th; Burns was in a quandry but solved it by sending Meagher a radiogram to "take over"—at 23 cents per word, including address, or \$2.99 all told. Burns also enclosed a letter from the famous Avery Brundage, president of the American Olympic Committee, donating \$3 to the deaf team, and bringing out this important point:

"You refer to the 'U. S. Deaf Olympic team,' and to the 'World's Polish Olympiad.' As a matter of fact, neither of these events have any connection with the Olympic Games and have no right to the use of this title. Many international games are held, but only one Olympic Games, and no other event is entitled to this description. I trust therefore, that in the future you will refer to the meet in London correctly, and not misuse the word 'Olympic'."

Technically, Brundage is correct; but the custom of using "Olympic" for any international games is now so well established, that it would be difficult to relinquish that concrete word.

Mrs. Ben Ursin went to Wisconsin a second time, stopping at Westby. She wrote that she was having "a lovely time," but stopped short, saying she "must get to work." What work? Is that what you call a vacation?

Wisconsin is a northern State that never fails as a summer host to Illinois. Meta Kondell and her kidlets prove it, as they have been up at Knapp, Wis., for about two weeks this month. This was not the first nor the last of their annual trips. They enjoyed the northern woods.

An accomplished lip-reader, Miss Cyril Guthman, the sister of Jule, accompanied her mother to Los Angeles for two months' vacation.

PETER J. LIVSHIS.
3811 W. Harrison St.

THE NEW EPHPHETA

A Catholic Monthly for the Deaf—Ten times a Year for 50 Cents
Successor to EPHPHETA, founded by Rev. M. A. McCarthy, S.J.
Ephpheta Society for the Catholic Deaf Inc., Publisher. Jere V. Fives, Editor, 605 West 170th St., New York City.

Our Savior Lutheran Church (For the Deaf)

1400 N. Ridgeway Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Services—10:00 A.M., May to September;
2:30 P.M., October to April.
A. C. DAHMS, Pastor

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Mrs. A. M. Adam, 5 Fairholt Road N., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

HAMILTON

Mrs. Ida Robertson, of Preston, has returned home after a month's stay with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Taylor.

Misses Monica and Winnifred Breen had a delightful time in Montreal, where they spent a week's holiday with relatives.

Russell Manning was recently given a surprise birthday party on the occasion of his fifteenth birthday, and received some useful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Gleadow, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grooms on a ten-days motor tour, had an enjoyable and interesting time. Leaving Hamilton about 8 A.M., on Sunday, August 4th, they reached Buffalo about 11 o'clock, and were entertained by relatives of Mrs. Gleadow and friends of Mr. Grooms. While there they went over the new bridge to Grand Island, and enjoyed a picnic supper time. Leaving Buffalo on Tuesday morning, they reached Cleveland about 5:30 P.M., and were very hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Friedman until Friday morning. While in Cleveland, the party were shown over the book-binding factory of the Commercial Publishing Co., and spent several hours there, seeing the whole process of bookbinding from the uncut, printed sheets to the finished books, and also the making of playing cards, etc. They found it all most interesting and will not soon forget the experience. Quite a large number of deaf people are employed in the factory.

The party also paid a visit to the Goodyear plant at Akron, where about 150 deaf are employed. They were shown the whole process of tire-making—from the blocks of raw rubber to the finished article. On leaving Cleveland on Friday morning they traveled by the Lakeshore road to Detroit, reaching that city about 5:30 P.M. While there they attended the picnic at Mount Clemens on Saturday.

While in Windsor, the Gleadow's stayed with Mrs. Grace Quick and the Grooms were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charboneau. The party returned to Hamilton on Wednesday, August 14th.

KITCHENER, ONT.

Mr. Henry Clements, of Galt, who was recently on vacation, enjoyed a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. Golds.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mills, of Toronto, spent the Civic holiday here as guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Williams. Mr. and Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Williams are graduates of the Belfast (Ireland) School for the Deaf.

Mrs. J. Smith, of Owen Sound, spent a week's holiday here and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Green, of Chesley, who have been visiting a cousin in Bridgeport, near here, were pleased to meet some of their old friends in this locality.

Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, caretakers of the Toronto Church for the Deaf, spent a week's holiday with relatives here.

A friend of Bob Golds motored Mr. and Mrs. C. Golds up to Toronto on the Civic holiday, to spend a couple of days with their daughter, Mrs. F. Harris.

Mr. John Forsyth has been visiting friends here and in Galt and enjoys the change from his rather lonely life in Elmira.

Most of the deaf here attended the picnic in Soper Park, Galt, on August 5th, and had a good time there, though none of them were lucky enough to bring home prizes.

GENERAL NEWS

The picnic held by the deaf of Galt, in Soper Park, on Civic holiday,

August 5th, was largely attended. About fourteen of the London deaf and nearly all the deaf of Kitchener were present; also Toronto, Brantford and other places were well represented, and all had a most enjoyable time taking part in the various games and races. The principal prize was won by a hearing sister of Mr. Patterson.

Anval Shepperd, of Toronto, is a deaf-mute with a good memory. At a picnic Monday, with other deaf-mutes, he recognized a man he suspected of stealing \$18 from him at a similar outing a year ago. Police arrested Clifford Grimoldby, of Goderich, who pleaded guilty to the theft yesterday. He was given until September 10th, to make restitution.—*Hamilton Spectator*, Aug. 7.

Floyd Vincent, 31-year-old deaf-mute, could not hear the train whistle as he walked along the railway tracks. The train, traveling slowly, knocked him flat between the rails and passed over him. Vincent suffered only from bruises and scratches.—*Hamilton Spectator*, Aug. 7.

The Toronto Division of the N. F. S. D. held their annual picnic at Bronte Beach Park on August 17th. There was a full bus load of the "Frats" from Toronto, as well as a number who came in private cars. London, Brantford, Windsor, Kitchener, Galt and other points were well represented, and about twenty-five Hamilton deaf were there. Also visitors from New York, Buffalo, Detroit and other places attended. There was a long and varied program of sports which was as much enjoyed by the spectators as by those who took part in it. Swimming races was included—the girls' race being won by Miss Doris Lloyd, Brantford, and Miss Crough, Windsor. The men's race by Mr. Angus, Toronto, and Mr. Hoage, Hamilton. All the events passed off smoothly and great credit is due the sports committee for the splendid way in which the well-arranged program was carried out.

A softball game was played in the evening—the Toronto team coming out on top. The sports committee were as follows: Messrs. Wesley Ellis, chairman, Fred Terrell, John Baker, W. Hazlett and F. Pierce.

By the time supper was served everyone was quite ready for it—appetites having been sharpened by the fine, clear air, and after the "Frats" and their friends had supper, the mosquitoes had theirs! But there's always a "fly in the ointment!"

A. M. ADAM.

All Angels' Church for the Deaf (Episcopal)

1151 Leland Ave. Chicago, Illinois
(One block north of Wilson Ave. "1," station, and one-half block west.)

Rev. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge
Mr. FREDRICK W. HINRICH, Lay-Reader
Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M., Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.

Social Supper, second Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.

Get-together socials at 8 P.M. all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance, Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue.

Central Oral Club, Chicago

Organized 1908—Incorporated 1925

The Oldest Club for the Oral Deaf in Chicago. Socials and Cards Second Sunday of each month from September to and including June. Entree: 7:30 P.M. Atlantic Hotel, 316 South Clark Street, Hall "K, Mezzanine Floor. Convenient location and transportation.

Send all communications to Mrs. Sadie McElroy, 227 Englewood Ave. (Apt. 210), Chicago, Ill.

Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf

4750 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Organized December, 1924

Incorporated May, 1925

The First and the Only Society of the Hebrew Deaf in Chicago

Socials and cards, first Sunday of each month from October to and including June. Literary and other special programs announced in the Chicago column from time to time. For further information, write to Mrs. Louis Wallack, 2935 N. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill.

KANSAS CITY KITTY

No. 6

By J. Frederick Meagher

"Night Club Night," our much-discussed innovation, is set for 8 o'clock on the evening of July 16th, top floor of Hotel President, Kansas City, Mo. All day the harassed Local Committee has been stewing for fear the attendance will prove a flop. (Flop my eye—those Last-Minute-Men would give anyone the jim-jams; why, last night I had but 15 Pen-Pusher reservations—yet at noon just four dozen cannibals captered up, and a 15-minute delay ensued as the hotel rushed in additional tables).

This hotel had wanted to impose a \$1-per-head couvert (that's high-brow camouflage for Tax, and Hat-ransom), but strenuous objections by the Local Committee reduced this to fifty cents. (For which noble deed the L. C. got no thanks—human-nature being human-nature). The cash-register outside the door is ringing merrily as I breeze up promptly at eight. "Please Be Prompt" begs the printed program. Find the hall already nearly full (later from 50 to 200 late-comers get frozen out entirely. Three jeers for the Last-Minute-Men and their read, write, and blew!)

Original lay-out left ample dancing-area around the stage, but as table after table is lugged in by perspiring Sons of Ham for Brothers of Beelzebub, presently the huge hall is spang-full. "Standing Room Only" sign hung out. Believe it or not, several Last-Minute-Men decide it worth their 50 coppers cover-charge just to stand along the wall for four solid hours and watch the jollification.

For this is the first night-club in all deaf convention history.

This is also our first convention with the wise foresight to reserve a good table for good writers, instead of parking us way back in a corner and later howling because we don't praise social affairs which we can't even see. Thanks to two burly behemoths on the L. C.—"Fatty" Foltz and "Whale" Dillenschneider—I have a whole table of eight plates reserved for my pet writing-crowd, the "Dumb Bunnies," who have for years typed six copies of each "book-letter" shipped out (up to 41-pages per letter) taking delightful "digs" at all and sundry. The eight include Coach Foltz, unsung-hero of the week, who by crafty ballyhoo at Boston '31 won this present convention for Kansas City, and his fair frau Fern; "Marfa" Smith, star slangster of all deaf pen-pushers, and her "Smitty" from Little Rock, Ark.; Muriel Bishop of Atlanta, Ga., who for months serialized the Boston '31 convention; Regina Harvat of Denver, Col., who suggested and inspired the "Denver Thumbnails" I wrote on Gib's last convention, '27; Mrs. Meagher of Chicago, and her old man. (Troy of Texas is the only "Dumbun" absent, but as he has a new heart-interest down in the Panhandle, what odds to him?)

Sandwiches and drinks at customary night-club rates. Novices who never got gypped by night-clubs, stagger in stark surprise when they pipe the prices. Somebody has to pay for the rent, lights, services, etc.—you can't get something for nothing.

A little grub beneath the belt, and at 9:10, Fred Murphy springs his four-star-special—a public wedding. The Rev. A. O. Wilson from Dallas, Texas, traveling Baptist minister for the deaf, mounts the stage and starts using the sign-language. Neval Spencer, 22, of this city, and his best-man amble solemnly up—they look scared, wonder if the Illinois band is playing the "Dead March from Saul"? A pause. Miss Marie Zinn, 19, St. Louis, and her bridesmaid materialize from the enraptured crowd, all dressed up like a Christmas tree. Band strums Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." You look around—and are

struck by the incongruity of weeping at a wedding. For that's just what some of the women are doing. I wonder why, oh why? Gimme a drink, quick, please.

Ceremony over at 9:22. Wise groom; he starts off on the right track, first thing, by leading his bride out through the hotel kitchen! (Like most hen-pecked husbands, I admire a man who can rule his wife with iron-hand in velvet-glove). More vittles; more drinks.

At 9:35 Mrs. Doris Orman of Jacksonville, Ill., and chorus of four girls, all five arrayed as Colonial dandies, give "Yankee Doodle" to band-accompaniment. About the 77th varied version of that sign-song I have enjoyed since my wife started the craze while a co-ed in college, forty years ago. Encore; encore; and again those dainty dames, drill back to swish sinuous-signs in melody of motion which strangely stirs our deafened ears. Bravo! Bravo!

Band now bangs "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," Muriel states—she is the only one at our writers' table who can hear anything except the drums or tom-toms. We feel sort of light-headed; elate; reckless—drunk with the sheer joy of living. Like to get up and challenge "Fat" and "Slats" to play marbles or mumblety-peg; despite my gray hairs. (Something tells me we will all pay heavily for present reckless rapture, in future tears. For these good-times shall make future daily drudgery more dreary and monotonous in retrospect. And good-times can't last forever).

Murphy and Dillenschneider beg everybody to please, please, please jam their tables closer together so folks can dance; the impossible is presently attained, and—b'jabbers—an area some 18 x 25 feet is cleared forinst th' stage, cushla. Band strikes-up some floaty-like waltz-tune—believe it the "Blue Danube." Faith, th' pack starts dancing. Call that dancing? Yaah, dancing on a postage-stamp.

Anon Murphy pops up again. Faith—a slender greyhound type—believe he ran for Missouri U—long locks askew and falling over sad, earnest, honest Irish eyes. Victim of depression, and recently a father, yet facing the shadowy future unafraid. I like the lad, cross-my-heart I do. He dismisses the Illinois band-boys with polite thanks; two-man hearing band and takes the stage—traps and saxophone. ("Traps" is the trade-name for a couple of drums—a dwarf-drum and a balloon-tire drum—believe they are called snare-drum and bass-drum, the later operated by a foot-pedal, or clutch, like an old-fashioned Ford. Probably styled "traps" because when a Ford is caught in a "speed-trap" by some county constable, the driver makes a lot of noise, but it don't mean nothing but \$5-and-costs. Ask Foltz, he used to drive a Ford before he reformed).

Tables now dove-tail in solid phalanx; only skinniest of waitresses able to navigate the narrows to bring life-savers to thirsty sinners shipwrecked on the shoals. You look around and tingle. Gorgeous girls in gala-garb, sprightly sprites, superbly seined and supremely sexed, eyes asparkle with sheer joy of living. Famous men, wise and wary, the bravest and best of well-dressed Deafdom, assembled on a holiday. Ain't it wonderful to be alive?

Thank heavens our table is close to a window; blessed be the man who first invented cooling breezes on hot nights. Breezes—and beauty—and mute-memories!

At 10:08 a hearing magician from the RKO circuit runs off a masterly routine. Calls various deaf diners as stooges—to our deep delight (we love to see our fellow-men made to look foolish). More drinks. Another RKO importation at 10:45—acrobatic act—has folks standing on tables to see. Great! 10:55, third and last RKO stunt, "The International ice-skating team," in dizzy gyrations. Use some

kind of collapsible-cover as "ice." Take some of us spectators for a "buggy-ride"—anyone would go "buggy" after spinning like a top.

With interims for dancing, three Chicago acts go on. My wife in her "split-personality" stunt—half of her dressed like a bridegroom (in my old swallow-tail) the other half as a bride. Turns from profile to profile as she solos the dialogue. Go better on a stage than with side-spectators. More drinks. Miss Virginia Dries and Mrs. Edna Carlson in a black-face take-off on bigwigs present, naming dozens as possessed of laughable absurdities. Dances and drinks. Heigho—next my "Popeye" stunt. If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now!

Original plan—blow me down—called for an all-star cast, with impromptu take-offs on the selfish schemes of peanut-politicians. But every single cuss first selected crawfished; they were the best excuse-inventors that ever sailed the seven seas. "Disgustipated," I twist my fist and finally do the best I can, depending on my heroine to make it a hit. Thank you too much. On dressing and reaching my station in the hotel kitchen, find a pretty stranger stating she had been ordered to sub for my heroine, who had suddenly contracted an acute case of that mysterious disease known as "cold feet." Cold, did you say? In this 98 degrees?

We waste a hectic ten minutes drilling this new "Miss NFSD" in her brief role, a Mrs. Opal Fulmer of Little Rock, Ark. Her strong point proves to be a swell figger—and a giggle. She pipes my "Popeye" make-up, and for some unaccountable reason the giggle becomes a guffhaw. That's rank treason—a dame young enough to be my daughter giving me the horse-laugh. The more I try to coach her, the more she gurgles with glee. (If we had staged that scene before the crowd, they would have enjoyed it more than they did our real performance, presently). I grow red with rage. Little dwarfs like me are keenly sensitive about our sawed-off size. Well, if half-pint pinheads can't handle hysterical femmes, let Gallaudet guys do it—so I hand her over to "Wimpy," Jim Smith, delegate from her own town. Then "Toar" and I hastily change our plans. Instead of featuring the "protection of Miss NFSD," we decide to stage a fight-to-the-finish—a real old-fashioned, bare-fisted, stand-and-slug Irish shindy. This "Toar" is Duluth's delegate Clarence Sharp, a terrible-looking Gallaudet star of my own age—former professional heavy-weight pug as his cauliflower ears testify. As an ex-National A. A. U. 108-pound champion, I depend on my olden speed and footwork to evade Sharp's sharp-shooting stabs until one or the other of us can land a real knock-out, no faking.

Us He-men will do anything for the NFSD, especially if she is young and pretty like Opal Fulmer. (But if she giggles at me much longer, by the beard of the prophet I'll strangle her.) So Sharp and I—old has-beens—agree to one last, farewell manslaughter-spree. Our cue comes, and we trot hopefully out.

Alas for happy hopes! That stone-floor—yes, stone—had been well-waxed for dancing. First time my patent-leathers try a duck and side-slip, I pancake on my, eer, sitting machinery. Ouch. A few more heavy falls—each luckily avoiding the heavyweight's hay makers—and I am a mass of bruises. Battle-plans are hastily changed; somewhat frightened I come to a clinch with the old pro and try to lift and carry him off. "Toar" don't get the big idea, so I can't obtain the necessary leverage. Gee, if one of his vicious swings lands, and my dumb-dome hits this stone floor—well, it will be just like "Red" went out.

Wonder if there is a priest in the house?

Sometimes your old brain buzzes fast. By sheer luck my "Popeye" outfit embraces a rubber bowie-knife. One arm holding the man-mountain in terrified clinch, the other draws the "knife" and stabs "Toar" in the back. Stab—stab—stab, while I hang on for dear life. For a wonder the big beef finally catches the idea, though plainly puzzled by this switch in plans, and slowly drops "dead." I never perspired harder in my life. Lifting the still giggling Opal in one arm, I scurry off in triumph—safe but thoroughly scared. (Meaning I was scared—not that bundle of giggles.)

Aw, let her giggle.

Baltimore's Ray Kauffman and George Brown are making movies in an adjoining room. "Toar" has disappeared, but "Wimpy" and "Popeye" pose for a few feet of film, in violent altercation on the respective de-merits of the Chevrolet and the Ford.

Presently, again toggled in tuxedo, I am back on the floor. Better to be a live dog than a dead lion, so what odds if nobody paws fulsome praise of that "Popeye" production—or "punk-duction" as "Wimpy" styles it. Thinks he's smart, the big Arkansas hog-caller. Aw, him and his cheerless Chevvy. Adjournment comes at 12:28, after four and a half hours of fun; and the bunch gradually dribbles to cooler spots.

Most of us sit up long and late—for tomorrow comes the highly-touted all-day picnic at "Fairyland Amusement Park."

(To be continued)

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1935

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by New York School for the Deaf, at 163d Street and Riverside Drive) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
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It is somewhat remarkable that in a country, where for generations a single method has been the chief, if not the only one for instructing the deaf, the term "deaf and dumb" continues to be in such general use, and is also employed by the teachers in reference to their pupils, to the adult deaf, and to the schools in which the deaf receive instruction. It would seem that the method of Braidwood and Watson has had a sufficiently long test in relation to proving its purpose to "restore the deaf to society," and to cease any further reference to dumbness as applied to their pupils. One may be pardoned for believing that the term "dumb" would become obsolete as applied to the deaf where so much instruction, time and thought has been given to the perfection of speech teaching. Conditions, if we are to judge from the views of the educated European adult deaf, have shown little tendency towards "restoration," however much such an indication of normality is to be desired.

A convincing illustration of the real conditions is presented in the report of the Congress of the British Deaf and Dumb Association, held at Torquay, in September, 1934. The Association was established in 1890, and represents the adult deaf of the United Kingdom, united for the purpose of opposing what might jeopardize their interests. It is a channel through which their opinions may find an outlet, presenting a true aspect of conditions as they exist. We present some enlightening excerpts from the address of the President of the Association, Mr. E. Ayliffe, of Liverpool, from which it would seem that very much is still required in order to raise up the educational standard for the deaf in the British Isles to the point of modern requirements:—

"We are faced to-day with the fact of the existence of thousands of people scattered over our country who suffer this great privation. (to make the voice of the deaf heard). * * * There are said to be 40,000 deaf and dumb

people in this country. Nobody knows if this is a fact. There may be many more or it may be an overestimate. No serious effort has been made to verify the figure. The number of those who have become deaf and who have natural speech, again, nobody rightly knows. The hard-of-hearing are said to number millions.

"The deaf and dumb lack leadership and are not themselves able to put their desires and needs into either speech or language. * * * The only information reaching the public directly from the deaf, is from here and there individual deaf persons representing nobody but themselves, whose sole object appears to be a sort of self-glorification, lauding the all-sufficient art of lip-reading as the remedy of all the ills of deafness.

"Indeed, there seems a sort of conspiracy abroad to minimize the seriousness of deafness, giving the impression that its consequences are negligible and do not constitute, as we contend they do, a problem worthy of national concern. The very few outstanding successful deaf people, who through fortunate opportunity, and no lack of money and influence, have been enabled to develop their natural ability and have made good, are made much of. The great majority, with none of these advantages, are almost entirely disregarded. Even our public Special Schools for the Deaf, and still more the Private Schools, in the natural desire to make known the wonderful results achieved, tend to convey an impression that the deaf are almost restored to society and that their requirements in after life are of small account.

"The promise of 'restoration to society' by the pure oralist at the end of the last century did considerable harm to the cause of the deaf and is still doing it. The false idea that the teaching of speech to deaf children places them in the position of hearing children still blinds many who would otherwise help the deaf, to the fact that deafness remains and cannot be defeated. It would be a thousand pities if current research work, intended to help the deaf, made their ultimate pathway more difficult through the overestimate of its effect.

"Purely voluntarily supported organizations are unable to cope with the problems of deafness. They reached their limit years ago. The B. D. D. A. pointed this out long ago. The National Institute for the Deaf, acting largely at our instigation, by publicity and by bringing pressure to bear in certain quarters, eventually secured the promise of an enquiry—an investigation into the social and industrial needs of the deaf. The late Dr. Eichholz was deputed to conduct that enquiry and it was carried out during the years 1931-2. His report to the Ministers of Health and Education, entitled 'A study of the Deaf in England and Wales' was issued in October, 1932. This report embodies the results of the first investigation ever made by the State into the conditions and needs of the deaf over school age, i.e., the deaf and dumb and deafened by disease or accident. It thus constitutes a landmark in the history of deafness. On that account, and on that account only, we welcome it.

"A book of 200 closely printed pages cannot fail to include something of the truth and in many ways it makes not uninteresting reading. One always desires to give credit for the good; but in this case it seems to me to be so hopelessly impossible to separate easily the good from the bad and the truth from the half-truths and wholly untrue; or to pick out from cover to cover any clear-cut suggestions or recommendations, that to offer lengthy criticism seems waste of time and effort. The small success in one or two favoured areas (some of which were very much magnified and exaggerated) were

faithfully recorded in the report. The deaf who succeeded in securing a more or less decent existence had some mention.

"You will expect me to say something further on the subject of finger-spelling for the deaf. At the 1931 Congress I made a protest against the attitude of teachers of the deaf towards this necessary method of communication.

"In one particular Dr. Eichholz's report does help us. On page 176, after commenting on the extraordinary achievements of Oral Teaching, he says—"But it has not altogether altered the outlook of the deaf-mute, who, in spite of all his speech achievement, is obliged in adult life to rely largely on finger-spelling, gesture and writing. It is important, therefore, that all children should in the final period of school life, gain an opportunity of becoming acquainted with finger-spelling. By this I mean that they should not only be able to spell on their own hands, but should be able to read the finger-spelling of others. The first is comparatively easy, the last is more difficult."

"Dr. Eichholz may have been influenced by what was said at our Congress in Leicester. It was then that he was compiling his facts. I never heard that he himself could communicate with the deaf by the finger alphabet. I believe that he shared with so many of the modern teachers of the deaf the distinction (I should rather name it the *disgrace*) of not knowing the finger alphabet. Yet he was for some thirty years inspector of Schools for the Deaf, and apparently held the opinion as quoted in the passage above.

"Frankly, I am profoundly disappointed that the Head Teachers of Schools have not yet made up their mind on this question of finger-spelling. I know for a fact that they, many of them, are by no means opposed to finger-spelling, that many of them actually believe in it as a very necessary accomplishment for deaf people. One lady teacher, Miss Neville, has been found courageous enough to be honest, and in her able paper, which we have widely distributed, should do much to confirm our conviction that every deaf child, before leaving school should be compelled to learn to use and read finger-spelling.

"I repeat what we have already said in the annual report. We do not oppose or discourage the teaching of speech or speech reading of the lips. All we ask is that in every school, instead of the children being taught to despise the finger alphabet, as they are being taught in some schools, they should be encouraged to use it. So that on leaving school they shall be able to take part in public worship and public meetings of the deaf. Already the effect is felt in Mission centres. Instead of using the dignified finger alphabet, they have to resort to a sign-language, uncertain and grotesque. A great opportunity is missed to influence them for good, to educate them on social subjects of great moment to them and the world, and so keep them in the society of man.

"Should this crazy prohibition of finger-spelling continue it will soon be impossible to arrive at any idea of what the deaf are thinking. They will be treated, as indeed they are being treated, as beings of a lower standing.

"Our stand on the matter of pressing for freedom of communication for the deaf must not be misconstrued. There is no question of re-opening the old fight for what was called 'The Combined System' of teaching. We have no desire, and I strongly object to the accusation in some quarters that we are attempting to interfere in the management of the schools by pressing for finger spelling. We have every regard and admiration for the good work that the teachers are doing and wish them

Godspeed in it. But we ask that our work and the work of the adult societies may be allowed to go on and develop. Finger spelling is only another form of writing. If finger spelling to be forbidden, then writing should be cut out too, which would, of course, be absurd.

"Moreover, we are all good friends with the teachers and value their friendship. We desire, above all, to co-operate with them for the good of the deaf. Real co-operation, however, is impossible unless this stumbling block is removed."

AS AN addenda to the position of the British deaf in the matter of inter-communication, we recall that in the summer of 1898, at a combined meeting of the British and American deaf, held in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, which the Dean of the Cathedral addressed orally, his remarks were translated to the British deaf by the Principal of an English school, while the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church, did the same office for the Americans in our sign-language. He kept pace with the Dean's speech, giving a clear interpretation to the American group, most of whom were alumni of Gallaudet College.

The British sign system appeared to lack rapidity, systematic arrangement and clearness. There can be no comparison between it and that used in America; the latter presents a clear interpretation of a speaker's remarks and is not, as the British writer comments on the English system, "a language uncertain and grotesque."

WE ARE in receipt, through the courtesy of *Roa-Geppo-Sha*, the Japanese publication for the deaf, of a volume which, we presume, is entitled *Almanach du Monde Silencieux*. As the work is printed in the Japanese language, with which unfortunately we are not familiar, we are unable to read or comment on its contents. It is a neat and attractive specimen of the printing art.

Abandon School for the Deaf

Because of "economic reasons," the Penna. State Administration is planning to abandon the Home for Training in Speech for Deaf Children at Philadelphia.

Final authority for closing of the Institution was granted yesterday when Governor Earle signed the Roberts bill directing sale of the property of the State-owned school. The Roberts Act authorizes the Department of Property and Supplies to sell three adjoining tracts along Belmont Avenue near Edgley Avenue, upon which the school buildings are located.

The school was established by the State at 2201 Belmont Avenue, Bala, in 1891. The property consists of two cottages, each large enough to house 30 children of pre-school age, a gymnasium-infirmery building and a power plant.

Since 1925 the number of pupils attending the Bala home has not exceeded 20. At end of the last term, May 31st, the 19 pupils were transferred to other schools, including the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf at Mt. Airy.

St. John's Chapel, Detroit, Mich.

Morning service at St. John's Chapel, on Vernon Highway and Woodward, by Rev. Horace B. Waters, at 11 o'clock.

Communion service every first Sunday in the morning.

Bible Class at St. John's Parish House, 33 East Montcalm Street, Room 2, at 3:45 P.M. All welcome.

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to Howard S. Ferguson, 250 W. Sparks St., Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hello, folks! Have you missed the Philly column during the past month or so? We're sorry we haven't written our usual stuff as we have been in a coma since our return from the N. F. S. D. convention at Kansas City. The convention was so good that it took us this long to come back to earth and start grinding out fodder for this space. What's that? You want a write-up of the convention from a Philadelphia viewpoint? Anything to oblige. So here goes! It will be long, of course, so we'll have to spread it over for a couple of issues. If in case we bore you, just turn to Petey Livshis' Chicago column. He's what we call a pepper-upper.

We'll start with Thursday night, July 11th. It is 5 P.M. when we ring off at work. We leave work with the advice to beware of cowboys and Indians out west ringing in our ears. A send-off committee is waiting for us at home in the persons of Eddie McManus and Georgie King. They drag us to a near-by beer emporium and try to drown our sorrow (?) of leaving home. The barkeep, a kindly soul, chases us home so he can close up late that night.

Friday morning, the 12th, we awaken all atwitter. It's the day we leave for K. C. A bath, a shave, then breakfast. Then packing, and packing and packing. At precisely 11:30 we leave. Of course, we kiss the wife and kids goodbye. At 12:30 we arrive at Broad Street Station, fully a half hour early. We go over ourself to make sure we have tickets—Pullman and railroad, etc., etc. We buy enough papers to read to our first stop, Chicago. By the way, let us remind you that this is our first trip west. The furthest west we have been before is probably West Philadelphia. True, we have been all over the eastern seaboard, but to the west this is our first venture.

The train gate opens and we board the Fort Dearborn Flyer of the Pennsylvania R. R. A pullman porter leads us to our seat and berth. We scramble out to see if it is over the train wheels. Nope, it ain't. At precisely 1:05 we steam out of Broad Street Station. Are we nervous? We'll say we are. About 1000 telegraph poles later the conductors pounce upon us for tickets. We fumble for them for about 100 telegraph poles distance. After giving us a dirty look for holding him up so long he departs leaving us sweating like the dickens in this air-conditioned car. First stop is Paoli, where my berthmate, some old man, hops on. Here we are hoping it might be a classy looking doll, but instead we get this. Two hours out we feel like smoking. We ask the porter if we can. He shakes his head in the negative, but points up further we can. (How in the world did he know we're deaf? We didn't tell him.) So up further we went, about ten cars. We come to the lounge car. (For those who are dumb like us a lounge car is like the parlor in your home, only it has wheels.) We pick out a chair and start smoking and soak in the scenery.

Next stop is Lancaster, Pa. We only linger a minute. We fiddle around in lounge car reading up the magazines. Before we know it, we steam into Harrisburg. This is a five-minute stop so we hop out and give our train the once over, hoping we don't find any loose nuts and bolts. We don't want anything to mar our trip. We leave Harrisburg and next thing we know we are following the Susquehanna River upstream. For more than an hour we follow it as it winded in and out. As we turned off from it, it is very narrow, something like the Wissahickon Creek at Valley Green. It was as wide as the Delaware when we left Harrisburg. Lewis-

town is the next stop. It's famous as the Rosenmund's home town—Charles, Elmer, Penrose, Henry, Upton, Bessie and mebbe some more. More stops at Mt. Union, Huntingdon and Tyrone. We saw so many cows that we marched into the dining car and ordered roast beef for supper. Eating in the dining car was our first experience. We were much interested in the waiters juggling tray-loads of food as the train rounded bends. By the time we finished we roll into Altoona. We never saw so many railroad tracks before. Altoona is noted for being P. R. R.'s workshop and the home of the Singermans, Dave and Gilbert. Our timetable tells us we are nearing the famed Horseshoe Curve. We find a vantage point and soak in the Curve as we go around it. Believe us, this alone is worth the trip of going to K. C. Our next stop is Johnstown. We have hopes of picking up Josh Wilkinson, the Johnstown delegate. When the train stops we hop off to hunt for him, but no Josh is in sight. It looks like we will have to keep on to Chicago by ourselves. We settle into our chair and start to read. The conductor comes up with Josh in tow. Ah, what a break. We both have mellowed since Boston, 1931, that we hardly knew each other. Josh tells us that the Pittsburgh delegate, Harry Schlemenzohn, would meet us. (Probably some of your readers may be confused by the name Schlemenzohn. In all truthness he is now known as Harry Zahn. Wearing out too many lead pencils caused his name to be shortened to Zahn.)

Before we know it we are entering Pittsburgh for a 20-minute stop. We hop off to hunt up for Harry. Hardly had we walked a little way when we noticed our train pulling out. We give chase and manage to catch the end of it. But woe unto us. We are chased off by a brakeman. Goodbye train, goodbye hat, coat, suitcase and money. But wait, another brakeman consoles us and tells us that the train will be back. It only went out to break up for other points. Phew! what a relief! So we go search for Harry and find him. The three of us climb aboard and then keep the Japanese attendant busy serving us drinks. Our next stop is Alliance, Ohio. We hop off and set foot for the first time on Ohio soil. After a couple more stops we hit Fort Wayne, Ind. We started to climb off to touch Indiana's soil, but the train started moving before we could. Thus we missed it. The Jap started yawning and since he looked tired we thought we would go to our bunks and get some sleep before we hit Chicago. It is nearing 4 in the morning when we climb in our berth. Bump-bump-bumpety-bump-bump! And so on till we near Chicago. More later.

Following are the Philadelphians seen at Kansas City during the N. F. S. D. convention: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Kirby, Miss Zoe Russell and Messrs. Sylvan G. Stern, Isaac Zeidelman, Gerald Adler, Frank Mescol, the Krakover brothers, Leon and Hyman and William Young, of Sellersville. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Armor, with their two children.

Two pretty wedding ceremonies have been performed since our last column. On Saturday afternoon, July 6th, Miss Dorothy Rutka was united in holy wedlock to Mr. William Cassidy by Father McCabe, of St. Stephen's R. C. Church, at the Rectory, Broad and Butler Streets. A relative gave the bride away while Mr. Bernard McGinley stood up for the groom. The happy couple are now starting housekeeping in Mt. Airy.

Also on a Saturday (Saturday seems to be the favorite day to get married in Philadelphia), August 24th, to be exact, in the afternoon, at All Souls' Church, with the Rev. Henry Pulver officiating, Miss Elam (first name lacking) became the bride of Mr. William Grinnell. She was

given away by her brother-in-law, because her father, a traveling salesman, was out of town. Mr. William Carlin was best man and Miss Anna Bauerle bridesmaid. Thirty people were present at the wedding. The bride and groom left immediately after the wedding on their honeymoon to Atlantic City. F.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Did you ever hear of a deaf couple having twins? Not we, until last week when we received the intelligence that the stork carried this weighty load to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Grimes, of Rankin, a suburb, a month ago. As they were in straitened circumstances owing to half-time employment, a quarter was collected from all the deaf who could be reached and donated to the couple to help them in their new responsibility, which they found heavy enough to sink a navy.

On our return from an auto trip to Washington, Pa., we found a card at our doorstep bearing the information that Rev. Edward Kaercher, of Philadelphia, had called. Sorry, we missed the parson, but hope he lets us know in advance next time. When one has a car nothing is stronger than the desire to break away and get out in the open on a hot Sunday.

August 14th, Mrs. Charles R. Myles returned from a two weeks' stay with her daughter Jean of New Jersey.

The last letter from the George M. Teegardens locate them at the summer cottage of daughter Alice and Miss Scofield in Ridgefield, Conn. The air up in the Connecticut hills must be very bracing, and the cooks first class, as they both are gaining in avoirdupois. Apparently Mr. Teegarden has regained some of his former strength as he is itching to get back to his garden and roll up his sleeves.

Sympathy is extended Mr. Elmer Read, of the Edgewood School staff, in the death of his wife, which occurred a week ago Tuesday. She had been in ill health for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fritzges are spending two weeks with the former's brother Reinhardt and family, of New Girard, Pa.

The Pittsburgh Association of the Deaf had a picnic at Twin Willows Lake near Valencia, Pa., August 18th. Swimming and roller skating furnished the chief amusements. A number of prominent politicians of this city, who are candidates for offices in this fall's election and who have taken whole hearted interest in the deaf people's welfare, made speeches which were interpreted by the hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reinhardt, of Sharon, Pa. One of the speakers remarked that it is a thing to be regretted that not one deaf person holds a public position. He was promptly corrected and informed that there was one, but he said that one was not enough. Peter Graves is behind this movement to advance the interests of the deaf through politics. It is not entirely unlikely that much good will come of it. If a deaf voter qualifies for a public position he is entitled to it as much as any one, and all he asks is a just consideration and fair treatment. It, therefore, behooves us to vote for the candidates we know will see that the deaf seeking such positions receive a square deal.

Gallaudetians were much in evidence at the above picnic. Aside from the Pittsburghers there were Robert Horgen '35, of Beaver, Pa.; James Sullivan, of Connecticut; R. Hetzler and Ralph Gefsky, of Youngstown, Ohio, and Milan Mrkolrad, of Ambridge. Dorothy Havens, of New York, who is spending two week's vacation with her parents at Bellevue, took advantage of this occasion to meet her old friends and make new ones. Instead of returning home from the picnic Mrs. W. J. Gibson accompanied the Shoups to Franklin, Pa., for a week's visit.

It comes all too soon! George Phillips who is in his early forties and

who in his hey-day was an outstanding baseball and football player, has taken up the old man's game—golf. He makes frequent trips to the South Park links.

Miss Edith Neson, of the Gallaudet College faculty, stopped with us for a day, August 14th, enroute to Washington, D. C., from California, where she had spent a month with her people. She went it alone in her Plymouth coupe, which speaks courage, even if she avoided driving at night. She also did not forget the Ernest Cowleys and Elmer Havens. There was one thing disappointing about the visit—the fact that she could not remain more than one day. We all have to heed the call of duty. THE HOLLIDAYS.

New Jersey

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Siegel, of 136 Milord Avenue, Newark, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary Sunday afternoon, August 25th. Fifteen hearing relatives and friends were present, as also were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Cohen, of Jackson Heights, L. I.; Mr. Moses W. Loew, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grossman, Bayonne; Miss Bessie Levy, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Scudder, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Little, Maplewood; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Rigg, Elizabeth; Mr. and Mrs. Emil Scheifler, Glen Ridge; Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Hopper, Nutley; Miss Alice Carroll, East Orange; Mr. Roy J. Hapward, Bloomfield, and Mr. Oliver W. McInturff, Newark.

About five o'clock those present were invited to dinner. In order to accommodate the large number of guests, long tables were arranged in two rooms, one table being set apart for the hearing relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Siegel received many useful gifts.

Mr. Siegel, a native of Jassy, Roumaina, attended school at Fanwood several years until he was 13, when he returned to the old home country. At 18, he came back to America, and after knocking around, set up a printing office of his own in New Rochelle, N. Y. A few years ago he moved the plant equipment to Newark, where, with his two sons, he is doing a thriving business. Mrs. Siegel is a graduate of the Mt. Airy School, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Hopper of Nutley were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hillard, that town. They found Mr. Hillard recovering nicely from the rib fracture suffered in an automobile accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Libby, of East Orange, announce the birth of a daughter Saturday, August 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Little, of Maplewood, spent ten days vacationing at Surf Avenue House, Ocean Grove. They look the picture of health.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt C. Staats, of West Orange, returned from a vacation trip to New England, as far as Portland, Me.

Jones Beach, Long Island, has been a popular place for week-ends and Sunday excursions among the folks around here. The latest to sing praise of this beach were Mr. and Mrs. Emil Scheifler, of Glen Ridge, Miss Alice Carroll, of East Orange, and Mrs. Elizabeth Rigg, of Elizabeth. They formed a party of four for an outing there and enjoyed the sojourn on this well-kept and spacious beach.

Miss Florence Schornstein, of Newark, has been employed as librarian at the Trenton School for the Deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Halstead DeMoyne are on vacation at the home of Mrs. DeMoyne's parents in Plymouth, Mass.

Mr. J. W. Grossman, of Bayonne, reported that the father of Misses Lillian and Julia Schoen, of Yonkers, N. Y., passed away July 16th, at 6 o'clock in the morning. He had been ill for about four years, and was 72 years old. O.

An Exciting Raid

By Clarence Pullen

At a menagerie which I visited the other day I saw in a cage an old acquaintance in the shape of a baboon," said Dr. Arnaud Pilthos, who returned last year from a protracted sojourn on the West African coast. "The creature was of the species known as the mandrill, or painted baboon. I don't mean to say that I had met that particular animal before, but I had met others of his kind in their native country, and it is a sort of beast one is not apt to forget.

"You've seen the animal at the menagerie. A frightful-looking beast, is he not? He has great strength and ferocity, and the meanest disposition, I believe, of anything that walks on legs. His looks are as bad as his disposition, and the flaming colors of his face, a natural war-paint, serve to emphasize his traits of character.

"You noticed, of course, his tremendous jaw and the formidable canine tusks set off by the blue cheeks and hideous red snout, and when he looked at you how he started forward as if to spring on you? He had tried the bars of the cage too often to dash himself against them, as doubtless he often did in his first captivity; but how quickly he would have been upon you if they had not intervened!

"Perhaps you thought his disposition scoured by captivity? but no! He is only displaying the temper that he would show in his African forest. The fiercest, strongest dog you ever saw would stand no show in a fight with him. Now how would you like to encounter forty or fifty of these animal together at large on their native heath? It is an experience that I have had.

"When I was up the Gaboon River, on the west coast of Africa, collecting bird-skins for a London taxidermist, I ventured beyond the missionary stations, and had stayed for several weeks at a little negro village known as Wahtaayra, the inhabitants of which were mainly hunters. It contained about twenty houses built of poles and wattled reeds and thatched with grass or straw. About the town were little banana-patches and fields of yams and maize.

"The surrounding country was rocky and partly open upon the inland side, but toward the river the forests were dense. The men of the village were shy about venturing near one part of the woods at the base of some rocky bluffs, and indeed they would not enter it at all except in large parties, well armed. They would not tell me what they were afraid of, whether gorillas or chimpanzees, or their own superstitious imaginings.

"One morning, beating along the outskirts of this wood for rare birds, I caught a glimpse of bright colors in the foliage of a tree that I took to be the gay plumage of a bird. I moved cautiously nearer to get a better view, for the combination of tints was unfamiliar to me. They somehow refused to arrange themselves into the right shape for a bird. I determined at last to risk a shot, and had cocked my gun for the purpose, when the moving of a bough caused me to pause and look again.

"Then I saw that what I had taken from its colors to be plumage was the face of a large hairy animal, lurking in the forks of the tree, partly concealed behind a large bough. The head was outlined in the dimness with enormously beetling brows and hair rising stiffly above it to a sort of crest on the crown. Immense hairy jaws and cheek-pouches completed the framing of a hog-like red snout and cheeks vividly blue, furrowed with ridges of a darker hue.

"Beneath the shaggy brows a pair of small, sparkling eyes, set close together, were surveying me with a look of intense watchfulness and

malignity. If ever there was the incarnation of a forest demon this was one in most grotesque and hideous form, and I could now fully understand the superstitious fear the negroes had of entering a wood where such a thing as this might confronted them.

"The creature seemed all ready to spring, not trying to elude my gaze, but starting slightly forward and grinding his teeth at every motion I made.

"I had only fine bird-shot in my gun, and felt no inclination to risk a shot on a beast manifestly so willing to fight. I had cartridges with coarser shot in my belt, but I don't mind saying that I was glad to back away and leave the mandrill—for I now knew what the creature was—in possession of the field; and as the sun was getting high, go back to my quarters at the village, where I didn't tell my adventure that day.

"On the next day the native men all left the village to go to the river. The agent of the French trading company had sent for them to assist in getting a steamer off a mud-bank. So the village, left in possession of the women and children, was very quiet that day. I had gone out in the cool of the morning, as usual, to shoot, and had returned to the midday meal. In the afternoon, my siesta over, I was engaged in preparing bird-skins under a thatched awning built in front of my hut, which stood at one end of the village.

"Under another awning, a little to one side, a full-grown leopard, caught the month before in a pitfall, and kept at the village awaiting the arrival of Adolph Kohn, the collector for the Berlin Gardens, was lying at full length dozing in his heavy wooden cage.

"The women were spinning or idly chattering in the open doorways, and children, dogs and goats were distributed about the houses and the one street, a foot-path, that ran through the town. The little settlement was a scene of idyllic peace and contentment.

"Suddenly a woman at the farther end of the village gave a shrill and frightened call, which was repeated by others, and at once the whole village was in commotion. Mothers shrieked to children; dogs and piccanninies jumped and ran for the houses. In his cage the leopard suddenly passed into a high state of excitement, swinging his tail and rearing against the bars with an anger that I had never seen him exhibit before.

"I ran out into the street, and looking in the direction indicated by the eyes of the frightened women, saw the cause of the commotion. Coming from the woods about fifty brown animals, with gaudy faces, were bounding swiftly toward the settlement. So quickly had they covered ground since their appearance that the foremost ones already were at the borders of the village.

"It did not need a second glance to tell me that they were mandrills. At the little plantations outside the village some of them stopped among the banana-trees, tore down bunches, and filled their cheek-pouches with the ripening fruit. Others came boldly on into the village, where every door now except mine was closed and fastened.

"I stepped back into my house and barred the door. I had no rifle cartridges, my supply having been for several days exhausted. No others were to be had until the steamer should come which was fast on the mud-bank down the river. To have opened fire upon the baboons with small shot would have exasperated them without killing them, and so I was content to stand with gun in hand to use if required at close quarters, and watch them through my one small, grated window.

"Through the village they poured, helping themselves to whatever lay out-of-doors that struck their fancy,

but passing by those houses whose doors were closed, leaving them unmolested. Active as sprites and ubiquitous as devils, they were here, there and everywhere all at once, upturning, ransacking and plundering.

"They gave my house a particularly wide berth, sheering away from the vicinity of the cage in which the leopard, growling and snarling fiercely, was throwing himself with increasing fury against the bars in the endeavor to break out. But as the mandrills found that he did not get to them, they became bolder.

"Drawn by the temptation of a great kettle of boiled yams that stood near the leopard's cage, a baboon crept toward it. Several others followed, and they began to plunder its contents, keeping at first a wary eye upon the leopard until greed got the better of their fear. Soon a half-dozen of them were gathered about the kettle, stuffing their cheek-pouches with yams as eagerly as if there were nothing else worth thinking about.

"But trouble was looming up for the industrious group. With a crash of breaking wood a long, yellow, spotted streak came through the air from the cage upon the group around the kettle. The leopard had broken his bars!

"He struck among the baboons, crushed one beneath him, and bounded on another in front. Without hesitation the other baboons attacked him, seizing with their teeth wherever they could get a hold, like bulldogs, and for a few seconds leopard and baboons formed a pitching mass of brown and spotted yellow, rolling and plunging about.

"Other baboons were gathering to join in the fight, and it looked bad for the leopard; but his strength and quickness saved him. Between my hut and the next stood a *nya nala* tree, with smooth trunk and high, spreading limbs. From among the baboons the leopard leaped, turning to strike fiercely from his flank with his paw a baboon that hung there by his teeth, then dashed to the tree, rose up its trunk with one movement like a flash, and turned to face his enemies from the lower bough.

"Whether or not the baboons could have followed him up the trunk, had they wished to do so, they did not attempt it, but drew away and watched him for a short time, gnashing their teeth and making characteristic demonstrations of hostility, but not venturing to come within reach of a spring from their spotted enemy.

"The leopard, bleeding from several wounds, was determined to stay right where he was in the tree, where the baboons were not disposed to besiege him.

"It was not their wish to linger unnecessarily long in the village. In a minute or two, as if at a word of command, they all departed from the vicinity of the tree, and quickly started for the forest as fast as they had come.

"Afterward I learned from the negroes that these baboons plan their raids upon villages long in advance of the execution. They have scouts out to watch for a time when the men are away, for the cunning beasts know the difference between encountering warriors with weapons and frightened women and children.

"It is probable that the mandrill that I saw in the forest was a spy detailed by his tribesmen to watch the village. The baboons certainly made quick use of their opportunity, and their incursion showed every evidence of being carried out in accordance with a carefully predetermined plan, the only hitch being the unexpected encounter with the leopard.

"The natives told me on several occasions of another gruesome feature which they said sometimes attended the raids of the mandrills, namely, the carrying off of women. This assertion, when made of the gorilla and chimpanzee, seems to rest on considerable proof, but I could find no one who had personally known such an instance in connection with mandrills.

"Speaking of the leopard's hostility to the mandrills, the natives told me that it was fear, quite as much as anger, that caused him to break from the cage and dash through the crowd to the protection of a tree. Had a leopard invaded the homes of the baboons they would all have attacked him, and never left off until they had torn him in pieces. But off their own ground, on a thieving raid, they fought only in self-defence, and when met determinedly, got away as best they could with the least injury possible.

"Two baboons lay dead on the ground in evidence of the work of the leopard's teeth and claws, but another that I had seen apparently disabled immediately after the fight had disappeared when I looked again. The leopard, who clearly had had enough of fighting, kept his position in the tree, and lying low, lengthwise of a large branch, seemed to have no present intention of coming down.

"He was there when the men came back from the river at sundown. Without waiting to refresh themselves, they at once set about recapturing him.

"In the village were several great nets used in the capture of large game. They spread these loosely around the tree, held them up by slender elastic poles, and worked always from behind the nets, while some men kept the leopard's attention distracted from those who were working. This, which was done with great speed and adroitness, prevented the leopard from escaping except by breaking through the nets. Leaving two men on watch near the tree, the others went to supper and to bed.

"About an hour after midnight I heard the growls and cries of the leopard and the calls of the sentinels. The creature had descended from the tree; his head and feet were entangled in a net which, being loosely spread and yielding to the springing of the flexible poles that upheld it, he could not break through nor disengage himself from. His plungings and tearings only caused the folds of the net to fall about him and enwrap him more closely.

"As the men rushed up, some carrying torches, they dexterously threw ropes about the struggling animal, which soon was enveloped so closely in the meshes and lashings that he lay helpless, and could scarcely move a paw. In that condition he was easily hauled into the cage that he had quitted, which had been made secure against his breaking out again.

"Beyond the carrying off of ripe bananas and such other edibles as had been left out-of-doors, and a general overturning of things, but little real damage had been done by the baboons in the village.

"In the morning after the raid there was a flurry of excitement in the village caused by the discovery of a wounded mandrill, the one, no doubt, that had disappeared from under my eyes after the fight. He was found by some children hiding in an empty hut, too badly wounded to crawl away, and was killed with spears by the natives.

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SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
168 West 86th Street
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OMAHA

VACATION

"It seems to me I'd like to go
Where the bells don't ring nor whistles
blow,
Nor the clocks don't strike nor gongs
don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around."
—Eugene Field

Omaha Division No. 32, N.F.S.D., will give an all day picnic and outing at Dresher Park, Sunday, September 1. It is four and a half miles west of Benson. Autos will meet the crowd at 61st and Military Ave, every hour from 11 A.M. till 2 P.M. Admission 25 cents. Children under 15 years 15 cents. Free lunch and a big time in store for all. Also games and prizes. Come, rain or shine.

Miss Corinne Mullin, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. W. Mullin, underwent an appendectomy recently.

Frank Durland is back at his old job at Kuenne's Bakery after a month's vacation. He attended the Kansas City Convention and visited friends in Iowa.

Mrs. Dolly Flood was married to a hearing man, a soldier at Fort Crook, in July. Her first husband was killed in an auto accident a couple of years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Goldfogle of New York flew here by plane from Salt Lake City, Utah, on August 8th. They have travelled extensively during the past few years. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tell also stopped here for a brief visit in their car. They came from the west coast enroute to Iowa, Chicago and other eastern points before returning home. Mr. Tell is a member of the faculty at the Arizona School.

Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Luden, of Reading, Pa. and Mr. Schaffer, of Harrisburg, Pa. stopped in Omaha to look up Mr. Ritchie's classmate at Mt. Airy, F. Arthur Clayton. They had been out west after the Kansas City convention. An informal party was held in their honor at the Clayton home. Mr. Luden is a son of the cough-drop manufacturer and travelled extensively with his companions, Mr. Ritchie and wife. Mr. Luden's father gave them their choice of three houses to live in and they chose the smallest, which has eleven rooms.

Rev. Homer E. Grace, of Denver, held an evening service on Tuesday, August 12th, at usual place. He was on his way to attend the Iowa convention at Davenport. President John J. Marty and several others made the trip by auto from Council Bluffs.

The Kansas City *Journal-Post* recently quoted Fred R. Murphy, the Pen Pusher, as saying that it takes two years to learn the sign-language thoroughly. Howard Minjir, a movie actor, was required to learn it in twelve hours, to enable him to play the part of a secretary to a deaf business man. George W. Berry, "for seven years head of the California State School for the Deaf," was employed to teach him. The name of the play is not mentioned, and the reporter calls it the deaf-and-dumb sign-alphabet in one paragraph and the sign-language in the next.

An up-and-coming young lady in the south is ambitious to can 1,000 quarts of vegetables this year. One day she was obliged to kill a couple of chickens, and the only way she could think of was to "pull their heads off." The reporter declared there was nothing she couldn't do.

Miss Ruth Neujahr gave a surprise birthday party for her brother Hans at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Clayton on the evening of Saturday, August 18th.

Informal games were played and a delightful time was had. Hans was reminded that he is getting along in years and still unattached. He received some appropriate personal gifts to help remember the occasion. The affair wound up with appetizing refreshments.

Mrs. Oscar Treuke's cousin from Montana has been visiting at the Treuke home for a week. The Treukes were her guests several times in the past few years when they drove west on their vacation.

Six of the local Owls met at the Henshaw Cafe, Tuesday, August 20th, for a feast in honor of Mrs. Chester Dobson. With her husband, she was enroute home to Utah, after spending the summer with her relatives in the east. They visited with Mr. Dobson's folks in Council Bluffs for several days.

The deaf of the Episcopal Church in Denver held a picnic, Saturday, August 18th. Mrs. Edith O'Brien, Miss Emma Marshall and their brother, Alfred and Mrs. Ota Blaken-ship and Mrs. Mary Mercer, who were vacationing in the mountains, attended. They report a glorious time and say some 70 were at the picnic.

HAL AND MEL.

Basketball Game and Dance

Saturday, February 29, 1936

Gallaudet College vs. Long Island U.
Nostrand and Lafayette Aves.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Admission, 55 Cents

Convention Dates Ahead

Dixie Association of the Deaf at Knoxville, Tenn., August 30-September 2.

Mississippi Association of the Deaf at Jackson, September 4-7.

Illinois Alumni Association at Jacksonville, August 29-September 2.

Oregon Association of the Deaf at Portland, August 30-September 2.

Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf at Johnstown, August 30-September 2.

Texas Association of the Deaf at Austin, August 31-September 2.

Knights and Ladies of De l'Epee Sick and Disability Association of New York

For Catholic Deaf, between Ages of 16-55 Meets at 8-12 Nevins Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., on second Saturday of each month. Socials on every fourth Saturday.

Dues are from 25c to 65c per month. Sick benefits \$5.00 to \$10.00 per week, for eight to ten weeks in a year.

For full information, write to either John P. Haff, President, 30-43 49th St., Astoria, L. I., or Frank J. Cunningham, Secretary, 685 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Charles H. Klein, President; Michael Auerbach, Sec'y, 264 Montank Ave Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silent Athletic Club, Inc., of Philadelphia, Pa.

3535 Germantown Ave.

Club-rooms open to visitors during week-ends, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and during holidays. Business meeting every second Friday of the month. Harry J. Dooner, President. For information write to Howard S. Ferguson, Secretary, 250 W. Sparks Street, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Church Services—Every Sunday at 11 A.M. during June, July, and August. Holy Communion, July 7th and August 4th, at 11 A.M.; September 8th, at 11 A.M. and 4 P.M.
Office Hours.—Morning, 10 to 12 Afternoon, 2 to 5. Daily except Sunday.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday evening each month except July, August and September, at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Charles B. Terry, Secretary, 511 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Lester Cahill, chairman of the Entertainments, wishes to remind all of the socials the last Saturday of each month. From the Nevins Street station (1 R. T. subway) or the DeKalb Avenue station (B.M.T.), take the DeKalb trolley car and stop at Adelphi Street.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Temple Beth-El, 76th St., Cor. 5th Ave. Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 4 East 76th Street, New York City; or Arthur Kruger, Secretary, 723 East 175th Street, Bronx, New York City.

Religious Services held every Friday evening at 8:30. Athletic and other activities every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

Ephpheta Society for the Catholic Deaf, Inc.

248 West 14th Street, New York City (BMT and 8th Ave. Subways at door) Business meeting First Tuesday Evening Socials Every Second Sunday Evening. ALL WELCOME

For any information regarding Ephpheta Society communicate direct to either: George Lynch, President, 712 East 237th St., New York City. Charles Spitaleri, Secretary, 241 East 113d St., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursday of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Nathan Schwartz, President; Joseph F. Mortiller, Secretary, 711 Eighth Avenue New York City.

1910

1935

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

BANQUET

of

Philadelphia Division No. 30, N.F.S.D.

at

The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Ninth and Chestnut Streets

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Saturday Evening, October 19, 1935

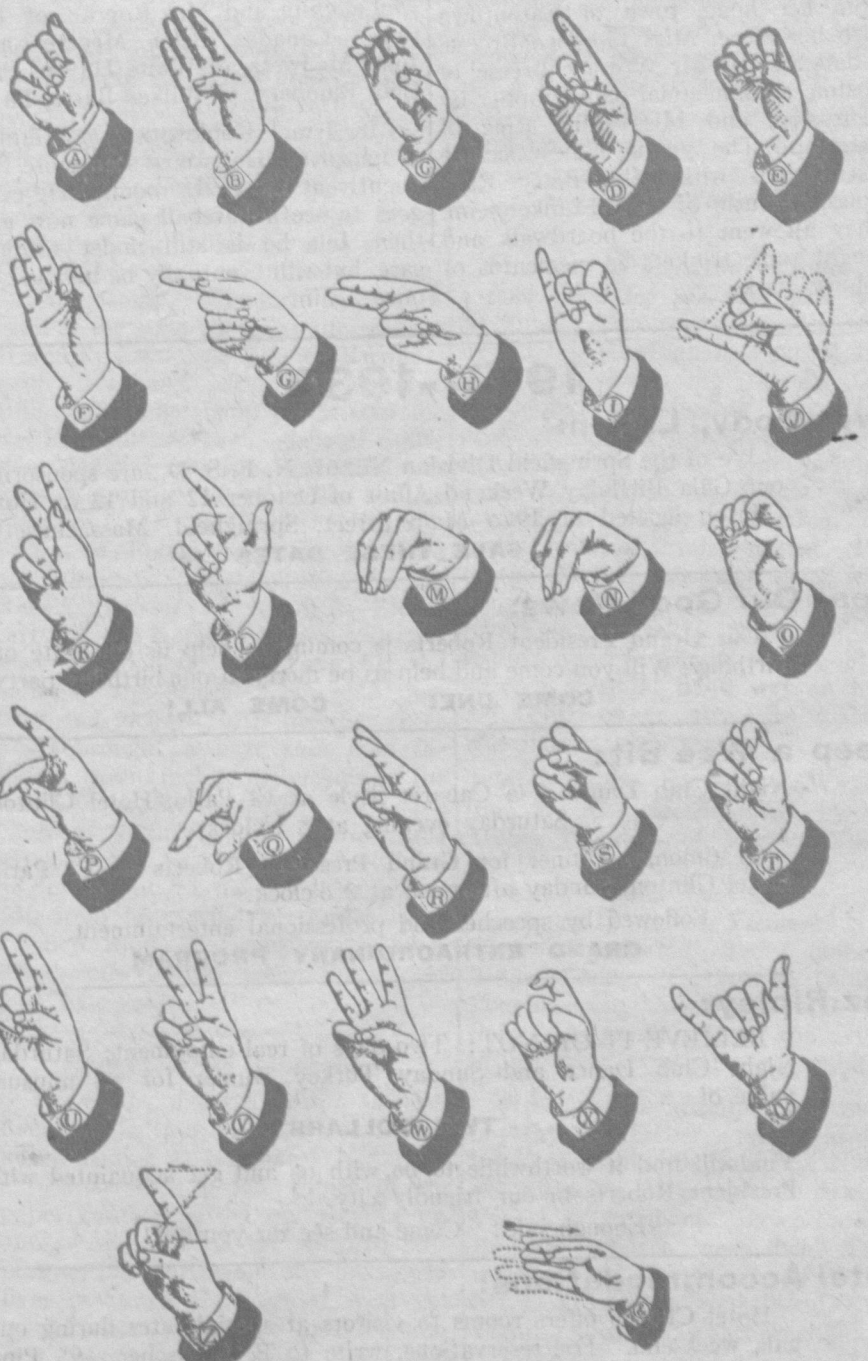
at seven o'clock

TICKETS

\$2.50 A COVER

Notice.—Reservations for plates must be accompanied by P. O. money order or check payable to John A. Roach, 220 W. Sulis Street, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa., before October 12th.

COMMITTEE.—John A. Roach, Chairman; Eugene Kier, Secretary; James L. Jennings, Treasurer; Lloyd N. Armor, Charles A. Kepp, Frank J. Kuhn, Sylvan G. Stern, Issac Zeidelman.



AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET

Park and Grove

The permanent population of Asbury Park is 18,500 and the summer population is 100,000. This resort boasts of 160 hotels and innumerable rooming houses. Excellent eating places abound both on the boardwalk and in the village.

There were two newly-wed couples here last Sunday, namely Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kruger. The bridegroom was educated at the Mt. Airy School and went to Gallaudet College and was graduated there. Mrs. Kruger obtained her R.R.R. at Fanwood.

The other couple was Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hersch, the former graduated from the 23rd Street School, a unit of the New York Public School System, and has a situation on the New York *World-Telegram*. Mrs. Hersch was a student in an oral school in Milwaukee. They came all the way from Rockaway Beach, where they rented rooms for the summer.

Mrs. Agnes McManus, of Newark, was here with her daughter and granddaughter for a day last week.

Mr. Hans Andress and his wife, of Halden, N. J., were seen on the beach in company with Mr. and Mrs. Weinberg, of Paterson, N. J.

Mr. Felix A. Simonson ran down here one day to get some whiffs of ozone and was hobnobbing all day long with the writer. Their old friend, Mr. M. W. Loew did the same trick and they went home in the evening well pleased with the outing.

Mrs. Schenck, of Adelphia, N. J., who was remembered many years ago as one of the Brooklyn Belles, spent some time here. Her husband died several years ago and left her a 65-acre farm, which is about a mile from Lakewood, a famous winter resort.

There are some strange characters in our midst: Archie Baxter is an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton and a major part of his time is spent in angling at Ocean Grove, but he does not fancy eating sea food so gives away the catches to his friends, including the writer.

Miss Clara Breese came one day from her home town of Eatontown with her niece, Miss Florence Breese, a daughter of Mr. Wesley Breese of Boston, a commercial photographer by profession, and Miss Edna Rigg of Paterson. The young ladies became fast friends with Miss Betty Raymond, a cousin of Mrs. Frankenheim. They all went to the boardwalk and bought some trinkets as mementos of Asbury Park.

Mrs. Frankenheim has become a movie enthusiast and took a colored film of the doings of her folks around the house for a starter and it was shown in the darkened dining room. Among the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Neger of Jersey City, but who, at present, are summering in Califon, N. J., a weeny hamlet, where they own a log cabin; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin C. Trescott of Bound Brook, N. J., (Mr. Trescott is a linotype operator on the *Somerville Times*); Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Kenner and Mrs. Al Wirshberg and little daughter of Brooklyn, who are stopping here till Labor Day. Mr. Wirshberg will come this week for a much-needed rest from his "sit" on the New York *Sun*. The pictures as shown on the screen were a source of pleasure and amusement. G. G.

NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from page 1)

UNION LEAGUE NOTES

The two soft ball games played on the beach at Edgemere, L. I., on Sunday, August 18th, have been talked about some, and now there is a rumor of a match at the same place between the Deaf-Mutes' Union League and the Clark deaf boys, to take place on Sunday afternoon, September 8th. If it materializes, it surely will draw the biggest crowd that ever was at this popular seashore, where the Clark boys maintain their summer camp.

On account of death of members, the memorial tablet in the Deaf-Mutes' Union League room has been draped in black throughout the summer. The deceased were one honorary member and two active members.

By the 9th of September there will be installed in the Deaf-Mutes' Union League rooms a new electric water cooler of the 1935 improved type. The one in service for the past several years was not large enough.

Recent visitors at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League were C. McLaughlin and Mel Rourke, of Toronto, Canada; Peter Medivet and John Medwetz, of White Haven, Pa.; Geo. Bambara, of Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Mr. Israel Koplowitz is continuing to improve. He is now seen more frequently at the U. L. rooms. He even goes to see a baseball game now and then, but he is still under medical care, but will eventually be his old self once again.

1918--1935**Everybody, Listen:**

We of the Springfield Division No. 67, N. F. S. D., are sponsoring our Gala Birthday Weekend Affair of October 12 and 13 at Hotel Clinton located at 1976 Main Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

SAVE THESE DATES**Hear Our Good News:**

Our Grand President Roberts is coming to help us celebrate our birthday. Will you come and help us be merry at our birthday party?

COME ONE! COME ALL!**Peep a Wee Bit:**

Night Club Dance a la Cabaret Style at El Patio, Hotel Clinton, Saturday evening at 8 o'clock

Testimonial Dinner for Grand President Roberts at El Patio, Hotel Clinton, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Followed by speeches and professional entertainment.

GRAND EXTRAORDINARY PROGRAM**Sez Ripley:**

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: Two days of real enjoyment; Saturday Night Club Dance and Sunday Turkey Dinner for an unusual value of

TWO DOLLARS

You will find it worthwhile to be with us and get acquainted with President Roberts in our friendly city.

Enough said! Come and see for yourself!

Hotel Accommodations:

Hotel Clinton offers rooms to visitors at special rates during our gala week-end. For reservations, write to F. L. Ascher, 193 Pine Street, Springfield, Mass.

Committee on Arrangements

F. L. ASCHER

H. S. WHITEHOUSE
E. A. SARGENT

J. E. HAGGERTY

COME TO JOHNSTOWN!**"The Friendly City"**

for the

Forty-Ninth Annual Convention
of the
Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement
of the Deaf

in the

HOTEL FORT STANWIX, Johnstown, Pa.**August 30th to September 2d, 1935****FRIDAY, AUGUST 30th**

8:00 P.M.—OPENING MEETING OF THE CONVENTION.

INVOCATION.....Rev. Edward L. Reed, Rector,
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, JohnstownADDRESS OF WELCOME.....Mr. Mason, President,
Johnstown Chamber of CommerceADDRESS.....Hon. Hiram G. Andrews,
Member, State Legislature

RESPONSE.....Mr. Roland M. Barker

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.....Mr. Edwin C. Ritchie,
President, P. S. A. D.APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES.....The President
ANNOUNCEMENTS.**SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st**

9:00 A.M.—BUSINESS MEETING OF THE P. S. A. D.

8:00 P.M.—RECEPTION AND DANCE IN THE BALLROOM OF
THE HOTEL FORT STANWIX.**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st**11:00 A.M.—CHURCH SERVICE FOR THE DEAF IN ST. MARK'S
EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Visiting Clergy will participate.2:30 P.M.—SIGHTSEEING TOUR. By motor buses to historic
South Fork dam site, graves of the unknown flood victims, the
reservoir, Westmont, Ferndale, etc. Forty miles of sightseeing!8:00 P.M.—MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT. Hotel Fort
Stanwix.8:00 P.M.—FRAT SMOKER. All visiting Frat members are cordially
invited as guests of Johnstown Division, No. 85, N. F. S. D., in the
Division rooms, Swank Annex Building.**MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2d**LABOR DAY PICNIC. All day, in Ideal Park. A portion of this
fine Park has been reserved exclusively for the deaf during the
day. Baseball, games, contests, prizes! Amusements and swim-
ming pool available. Pleasure and recreation for all.**Accommodations**

The Hotel Fort Stanwix is the official headquarters for the Convention. All meetings will be held there. Excellent accommodations for visitors to the Convention are available in the Hotel, at the following rates:

Rooms with running water.....Single \$2.00 Double 3.00

Rooms with private bath.....Single 3.00 and 3.50

Double 4.00 and 5.00

Rooms for three or more persons.....2.00 per person

For reservation, write to Jennings Love, Manager, Hotel Fort Stanwix,
Johnstown, Pa.

"The Friendly City" Welcomes You. Come to Johnstown!**SPARKLING****SENSATIONAL****"SMOKER"**

Under Auspices of

The HARTFORD SILENT CLUB

at

Hartford's Largest and Most Elaborate

HOTEL BOND

338 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

Saturday, September 21, 1935

8 P.M. to 1 A.M.

Admission - - One Dollar

(Including Hotel Bond's delicious beer and assorted sandwiches)